Bristol. Aug 31 - 1854.

Dearest Annie,

Ere W. W. Brown's actual departure comes upon me at such a duty as his expected one a fortnight ago, I will endeavour any despatches for Boston by this evening's post - I can do nothing towards answering your nice long letter which I was rather disappointed to find Mr Webb had so entirely appropriated for production in the Advocate! The Liberator has hardened you to such undisguised talk of private

MS. A.9.2.24.25

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correspondence, &c. I challenge apologize. It is the least I can do to let Mr Webb be a participant in all our American correspondence that contains no secrets, & he knows he has a discretionary power to make extracts for me ill for the good of the Cause.

We are just come home from Cleveden & have nothing else around us yet. (This I mention to account for the miserable paper pens & ink &c I use because it came to hand in a room where I am waiting to catch callers & prevent their waking up my Father.) He is somewhat better since we came home I think, but never free from saddness. He has

been pencilling a little note
to your sister he tells me, he
took the paper slyly into bed
& did it while I was out of the
room, that there might be
no squabbling or remonstrating
I have loads of things to tell
you & to show you, but can only
take up a few fragments that
come first to hand. Did you
see Mr Bishop's description of
the proceedings of the Conference
I think not & write enclose them
I wish I had time to copy part
of a recent letter of his home from
Miss Martineau, about which
I try to squeeze in a few words. I
hope Mr Brown will give

you with this the little book I told you about. I have ordered about 20 copies for the Bazaar, thinking that a legitimate appropriation of £1 entrusted me by good old Mrs Dighton for the Bazaar. I saw this worthy old lady a week ago & she broke out into inquiries for you personally & Sisters collectively & Mrs W. Thus & sundry other friends. She is very aged (85 I think) but she has the Advocate read to her & knows about the Cause than nine tenths of the people who profess to love it. She scolds her neighbours all round for their apathy.

I must say no more now. With my Father's love Yr affectte

Mary A. Estlin

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